Hong Lu ID:: W Corp. L2 Cleanup Agent

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/84997651.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationship:
Hong Lu (Project Moon)/Reader

Characters:
Hong Lu (Project Moon), Reader

Additional Tags:
Wound Fucking, Blood and Gore, Canon-Typical Violence, Death, Monsters, Time Shenanigans, Gay Sex, Weird Biology, Major Character Injury, Temporary Character Death, Blood Kink, W Corp. Identities (Project Moon), World of W Corp. (Project Moon), Simultaneous Orgasm, Teeth, Male Reader-Insert, Reader-Insert, Co-workers

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-05-17 Words: 4,491 Chapters: 1/1

Hong Lu ID:: W Corp. L2 Cleanup Agent

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Gay freaky bloody monsterized warp train wound fucking

Notes

Thing I wanted to post for a long time but never got around to doing it in a timely manner. Kinda mid in some parts but I just wanted to get it out, plus it adds onto my desire to get at least one fic out for every one of the sinners.

REGARDLESS

Please enjoy for all your gay wound fucking needs, left my limbus readers to starve without content again for another 8 limbillion years so this is my repentence.

I would fuck the shit out of Hong Lu no diddy

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The air inside the carriage had long since lost its right to be called oxygen. It was a thick, stagnant soup of vaporized copper and the distinct, sour tang of sweat that had dried and rehumidified a thousand times over across a subjective eternity.

When your eyes clicked open, the world was exactly as you had left it: bathed in the unblinking, sterile glare of W Corp neon blue. The plastic of the economy seat beneath you was slick with a thin layer of old grease and fluids that no longer had a name. You sat up, the heavy segmented breastplate of your uniform groaning against your ribs, the dark smudges on the iridized metal catching the dull light.

"Hong Lu?"

Your voice was a dry rasp, swallowed instantly by the low, omnipresent thrum of the train’s undercarriage. No answer.

According to the internal chronometer on your gauntlet—which had given up trying to count actual years three centuries ago and now just ticked down the standard shift hours out of sheer corporate stubbornness—he should have been back an hour ago.

Even now for the both of you, the shift was supposed to be a standard, regular day. Instead, the doors had sealed, the rift had torn, and the routine cleanup crew had become long term residents of the train. Most of the squad hadn't survived the first hundred years or so; the passenger biomass had a way of flooding the corridors like a tidal wave of screaming muscle when the temporal dilation first hit full stride.

You gripped the handle of your specialized W Corp. issue cleanup blade, the weight comforting, the cyan energy edge humming to life with a crisp, high-pitched crackle as you thumbed the ignition.

The heavy sliding door to the next compartment was jammed halfway open. You squeezed through, your boots squelching slightly into the… carpet? You weren’t sure.

The trail he left behind was always easy to follow. Hong Lu didn't fight like the rest of the veteran agents—there was no desperate, ragged hacking or panicked positioning. His work was artistic, almost terrifyingly precise, even when dealing with the late-stage monstrosities that had completely discarded their human shapes.

In the middle of the aisle lay a passenger that had managed to sprout

three extra torsos from its spine before Hong Lu had met it. Now, it was neatly segmented. The cuts were perfectly clean, bisecting the exposed muscle fibers and bone-spur weapons with the effortless grace of a butcher working on a prize heifer. Because of the T Corp preservation devices hummed somewhere deep in the train's walls, the pieces were still alive—fingers twitching rhythmically against the floor, a cluster of teeth in the center of a severed thigh clicking shut in a mindless, eternal reflex. But they were harmlessly scattered.

"Still using the standard methods, even out here," you muttered, stepping over a slowly pulsing heap of graying intestines that had been pinned to a luggage rack by a broken stanchion.

The transition between the carriages was always the worst part. Without the dampening fields of the main cabins, the raw, echoing screams of thousands of years of trapped agony bled straight through the metal seams. You shoved past the pneumatic seal of the next car, your boots instantly slipping on a fresh, gelatinous layer of visceral fluid.

This wasn't a standard cluster. The moment your cyan blade flared to life, the shadows at the far end of the compartment heaved forward.

It was a massive, pulsing conglomerate, a literal hill of fused passengers who had spent the last few centuries melting into one another's anatomy. Dozens of exposed bones formed a jagged, moving armor plating along its flank; large teeth exposed along the outer sides , and a forest of malformed bone-blades whipped through the air with deafening velocity. You’re sure even a more experienced agent would struggle here.

"Get down!" you grunted to no one, lunging forward as a whip of braided muscle fibers shattered the luggage rack right above your head.

You swung the sword in a desperate, heavy arc. The glowing edge shore through a cluster of grasping, multi-jointed arms, the corporate singularity technology instantly cauterizing and disrupting the molecular bonds of the flesh, but the mass just kept rolling. It didn't feel pain; it only felt the eternal, crushing boredom of the dimension-shift and an insatiable hunger to make you part of the pile.

You parried a heavy bone etched blade, the impact vibrating violently up your forearms and cracking the enamel of your gauntlet. Ducking beneath a wet slap of exposed intestines, you drove the blade straight

into what looked like the central nervous cluster—a clump of weeping, hyper-extended eyes. The energy edge detonated with a crisp, electric pop, and the entire grotesque mountain finally collapsed into a shivering, unravelling heap of twitching meat.

You stood there for a hard minute, chest heaving against your armor, wiping a streak of foul, lukewarm viscous matter from your visor.

Turning your gaze though, that was when you saw the uniform.

Just a few feet away, partially dragged under a row of shattered seat frames, was a dark W Corp torso. The iridized breastplate was unmistakable, though it was now deeply gouged, black plating peeled back like an old tin can to reveal the shredded meat beneath. The arms were hacked to ribbons, the fingerless gloves soaked through with dark, stagnant blood.

But it was the neck that made your stomach drop into your boots.

There was no head. Just a jagged, messy stump, the vertebrae splintered outward like a broken broomstick. The high ponytail, the dapper little cap with the blue W logo—all gone.

A sharp, hollow pang of grief hit you, tight and bitter. Hong Lu. The cheerful, airhead who didn't belong in this slaughterhouse had finally run out of luck. You took a step backward, lowering your blade, the hum of the cyan edge suddenly sounding incredibly lonely. There was nothing left to clean up here. You needed to turn back, find a secure car, and keep moving in a new direction.

"Oh, dear me... it really is quite dark down here, isn't it?"

You froze. The voice was soft, slightly muffled, and completely, jarringly lighthearted. It came from the shadows directly beneath the row of seats right next to the decapitated corpse.

Your blade whipped up instantly, the cyan light illuminating the grime-encrusted cabin floor.

"Who's there? Show yourself!"

"Ah, could you perhaps tilt the light just a little bit to the left?" the voice replied, entirely unbothered by your aggression. "Yes, right there! Oh, wonderful. I can see your boots now. You know, I think someone's discarded chewing gum under here. How incredibly uncivilized."

You slowly crept closer, your heart hammering a frantic rhythm against your ribs. You knelt, keeping your weapon ready, and peered into the narrow gap beneath the seats.

Resting sideways against a spare bracket was Hong Lu's head.

His hat was missing, his black hair spilled out across the dirty floor like ink, but the high ponytail was still miraculously held together by the tie. His right eye was wide and dark; his left eye—that brilliant, glowing cyan heterochromia—was blinking up at you with mild, pleasant curiosity.

But he wasn't completely normal either. From the ragged edge of his severed neck, thin, deep red tendrils of flesh were slowly writhing, reaching out like the cilia of an anemone, brushing against the floorboards. A few smaller, pulsing veins had begun to creep up his jawline, twitching beneath his pale skin. The anomalous properties of the train were already trying to claim him, trying to turn him into a passenger.

You recoiled, your blade twitching. "Hong Lu...? What the hell... you're dead. Your body—"

"Oh, my body? Yes, it's a bit of a mess, isn't it?" The severed head let out a soft, airy chuckle, his lips moving perfectly despite the lack of a throat or lungs.

"A rather large group of those rowdy passengers came by while I was exploring. One of them had these fascinating, scissor-like bone growths on its wrists. Before I could even inquire about them, well... snip! And I ended up down here."

"You're mutating," you whispered, staring at the squirming red tendrils at his neck. "You're turning into one of them."

"Am I?" Hong Lu shifted his gaze downward, or as much as he could given his angle, his expression remaining perfectly serene. "Hmm, I suppose these little moving bits are new. They tickle a bit, to be honest. But my mind feels quite clear! In fact, I was just thinking about how lovely a cup of hot tea would be right now. Do you think the company terminal has a lounge for that?"

You hesitated, your fingers tightening on the grip of your blade. He sounded completely sane. Oblivious, ditzily cheerful, and utterly detached from the horror of his situation—which was exactly how he always sounded.

"I can't just leave you here," you muttered, though every survival instinct you had was screaming to run.

"Well, I would certainly appreciate a change of scenery," the head replied cheerfully. "It’s dreadfully dusty under here. If you could just... pick me up by the hair, perhaps? Don't worry, I won't bite."

Reluctantly, with a grimace twisting your features, you reached beneath the seat. Your fingers bypassed the writhing, warm tendrils at the base of his neck and firmly grasped the thick bundle of his hair. As you lifted him out, the flesh-threads frantically lashed out at the empty air, searching for a surface to anchor to, before settling into a slow, rhythmic pulse against his jaw.

Hong Lu smiled up at you, his cyan eye sparkling. "Oh, much better! My goodness, you look absolutely exhausted. Did the passengers give you a difficult time? Don't worry—now that we're back together, I'm sure the rest of our shift will just fly right by!"

"My, you really do have a wonderful grip though," Hong Lu hummed. His lips curled into that familiar, easygoing smile, entirely unbothered by the fact that his jaw was currently sliding slightly out of alignment as the mutating muscles beneath his skin began to liquefy and reform. "Though I must admit, looking at the ceiling from this angle is getting a little tedious. Could you perhaps bring me back to my body?"

You didn't answer. Your eyes were locked on the wet, crimson-rimmed void of his throat, where thick rings of cartilage were already softening into something resembling rows of translucent, inward-facing teeth. Yet, his voice remained crisp, airy, and entirely devoid of the thousand-year madness scraping at the walls of the train.

Carrying him by his long ponytail like a lantern, you walked back to the shattered row of seats where his headless torso lay slumped. Inside, the dark uniform was soaked through, but the exposed meat of his chest wasn't rotting. It was…moving. Every cell still aggressively alive, and now, the passenger infection was fueling it into a frantic, hyper-evolutionary frenzy. The severed neck stump on the torso was pulsing, bubbling with a thick, frothy marrow that reached like the body itself was hungry.

"Oh, look at that," Hong Lu remarked as you lowered his head toward the mess. "It looks like it missed me. Go ahead and just set me right on top."

Your hands shook slightly as you aligned his jaw with the ragged

collar of his uniform. The moment his neck tendrils brushed against the torso's rising flesh, the reaction was violent.

A wet, loud slurp echoed through the quiet carriage.

Dozens of thick, muscular threads shot out from both sides, braiding themselves together with a sickening, rapid clicking sound—like a hundred tiny sewing needles puncturing leather all at once. Hong Lu let out a soft, sharp gasp—not of pain, but of intense, dizzying novelty. His heterochromatic eyes rolled back for a fraction of a second as the nerves reconnected, his eyes flaring with a sudden, wide spread.

"Ah... oh goodness," he murmured, his head tilting at a bizarre, ninety-degree angle as the bone structure struggled to find its old anchor. "That is... the strangest sensation. It feels like someone is pouring warm, bubbly liquid straight up my spine."

His body stumbled forward slightly, his boots dragging heavily across the blood-slicked floor. The torso lurched violently to the left, his left arm twitching and snapping outward at an unnatural joint. For a few minutes, it was a clumsy, pathetic dance. The flesh didn't want to cooperate; it was mutating too fast, desperate to sprout into the mindless, jagged geometry of the other monsters you had been slaughtering for centuries.

But Hong Lu was stubborn in the most effortless way possible.

"Bear with me please," he whispered to his own anatomy, using that same sing-song tone he used on rowdy passengers.

With a wet, crunching groan, he forced his neck straight. The skin didn't knit back together cleanly; instead, a massive, jagged collar of ivory-white bone erupted from his collarbones, pushing through the torn fabric of his dress shirt. They weren't just bones—they were teeth. Huge, thick, prehistoric-looking incisors erupted in a jagged ring around his neck, framing his beautiful, pale face like a macabre ruff. Beneath them, his arms began to swell, the dark tactical sleeves tearing open as the muscle fibers multiplied, twisting into thick, undulating cables of exposed flesh that pulsed with every heartbeat.

He turned to you, lifting his newly mutated arms. The skin was gone from his forearms, revealing the raw, glistening striations of muscle beneath, wet with a clear, shimmering membrane.

"What do you think?" he asked, his voice vibrating with a strange,

multi-toned resonance now that his chest cavity was hollowed out into an acoustic chamber. "It’s a bit… weirder than my old body, but the flexibility is absolutely marvelous."

To demonstrate, he smiled—a wide, breathtakingly beautiful grin that contrasted horribly with the ring of massive teeth snapping rhythmically beneath his chin. He took a deep breath, and with a wet, hydraulic hiss, the entire center of his chest split open.

The segmented breastplate didn't just unlatch; the bone and muscle beneath it parted like a pair of heavy drapes. Your breath hitched. There were no lungs or heart left inside him—not normal ones, anyway. His chest cavity was a wide, hollow cavern, lined with pulsing, wet velvet walls of dark red flesh. Clusters of small, white bone fragments lined the edges like ribs, flexing and curling inward like the legs of a cradled insect.

"Go ahead," Hong Lu murmured, his voice dropping into a soft, velvety purr that echoed directly from the open vault of his torso. He stepped closer, crowding into your space until the heat radiating from his exposed interior washed over your cold armor. "You’ve been staring so intensely. Are you curious? You can touch it, you know. I don't mind at all. In fact... it feels rather nice when it’s open like this."

Your fingers, still slick with his old blood, twitched against the grip of your weapon. Every corporate protocol told you to drive the blade straight into his body. But the sheer, hypnotic beauty of the corruption—and the complete, terrifying sanity in his eyes—pulled you forward.

You set your weapon to the side. It hit a seat with a dull clatter.

Slowly, deliberately, you reached out. Your bare hand—having stripped off your glove—hovered for a second before you pressed your palm directly into the center of his open chest.

The texture was astonishing. It was burning hot, far warmer than any human skin, and incredibly soft, like living satin drenched in oil. The moment your skin made contact, the little bone fragments lining his interior flexed, gently brushing against the back of your hand, not to cut, but to explore. They traced the lines of your knuckles with a delicate, trembling curiosity.

"Oh..." Hong Lu exhaled, a low, rumbling vibration that started in his hips and echoed through his open sternum, rattling against your palm. His eyes fluttered shut, his hair swaying slightly. "That’s... wonderful.

Your hands are so delightfully cool."

Emboldened, you pushed deeper, your fingers sinking into the wet, pulsing recess beside his ribs. You could feel the hyper-accelerated thrum of his new biology—the sheer, terrifying power of a passenger mutating under intellectual control. The muscle walls contracted gently around your wrist, hugging your hand in a tight, wet, velvet grip that felt dangerously possessive.

You shifted your thumb, rubbing the edge of a smooth, protruding ivory rib inside him. Hong Lu let out a soft, breathy chuckle, his head tilting back as the ring of teeth around his neck clicked together in a slow, rhythmic applause.

The heat radiating from the wet vault of his chest was already making your skin slick, but it was the sudden, heavy throb between your thighs that truly sealed your descent into the train's madness. You couldn't hide it. In the cramped, neon-drenched space between the ruined seats, the sharp hitch in your breathing and the deep flush creeping up your neck were loud enough to fill the entire compartment.

Hong Lu noticed instantly. His cyan eye widened slightly, the bright pupil tracking the sudden, erratic tremor in your hand where it remained buried near his pulsing core. He let out a low, melodic hum.

"Oh, my," he murmured, his beautiful face tilting as he leaned closer to you. "Your heart is beating so fast now. And look at that... your uniform looks dreadfully tight down there. Is that what happens when you get too excited?"

You bit your lip so hard the copper taste of blood flooded your tongue, your face burning with an intense, desperate embarrassment. But the sheer, intoxicating scent of him—hot iron, ozone, and the sweet, musk-like pheromones of his rapidly evolving flesh—shattered whatever corporate discipline you had left. Two thousand years of slaughter, and this was the only living thing that could still make you feel alive.

"Hong Lu... shut up," you choked out, your voice rough and trembling as you finally pulled your hand from his ribcage.

Instead of backing away, your fingers flew straight to the heavy belt of your W Corp pants. The metal buckle gave way with a loud clack, and the harsh sound of the zipper tearing open echoed through the dark car. You shoved the fabric down, your erect, heavily throbbing boner

springing free into the cold air, already glistening with a bead of pre-cum, straining violently from the twisted arousal spiking through your veins.

Hong Lu's airy chuckle vibrated through his open torso. "My goodness! It really is quite impressive, isn't it? My brothers used to boast about such things after their evening baths, but I never paid much attention. Though... I suppose you want to put it somewhere warm?"

With a casual grace that defied the horrifying state of his anatomy, his mostly fleshy, tendril arms reached down to his lower abdomen, the end still resembling something akin to his hand. His fingerless gloves sank into his own flesh, his thumbs catching the edges of a deep, horizontal fissure that had split across his belly—a wet, weeping mouth born from becoming a passenger.

With a soft, squelching wet sound, he peeled the slit wide open.

It was gorgeous and terrifying. The interior of the wound was lined with a hyper-sensitive, mucosal red lining, dripping with a thick, clear fluid that caught the cyan glow from his upper chest. It hummed with a primal, rhythmic contraction, practically begging to be filled.

"Here," Hong Lu whispered, his voice dropping into a soft, teasing purr as he stepped closer, pressing his hips forward until the wet heat of the opening brushed against the head of your cock. "It's pretty soft inside. Go ahead. Don't be shy."

You let out a low, animalistic groan, your hands gripping the raw, undulating flesh cables of his hips. You lunged forward, driving your throbbing length straight into the wet, weeping wound.

"Ah—! Oh..."

The sound that tore from Hong Lu's throat was a sharp, breathy gasp, his eyes blowing wide as his head snapped back.

The sensation was unlike anything you had ever felt—it wasn't like regular sex; it was a living, reacting cavity of raw, mutating tissue that instantly clamped down around your shaft with an unbelievable, burning friction. The inner walls of the wound suctions tightly against every ridge of your cock, the thick, hot fluid lubricating your frantic, desperate thrusts as you buried yourself balls-deep into his abdomen.

"God, Hong Lu... it's so tight," you panted, your teeth bared as you began to hammer into him, the wet, squelching rhythm of skin

slapping against moving meat filling the quiet carriage. You leaned your weight into him, your armored breastplate grinding against the jagged bone structure of his chest, your bodies completely intertwined in a grotesque, beautiful embrace.

"Hah... mhmm~" Hong Lu laughed softly, though his breaths were coming in ragged, wet pants now, his ponytail whipping against his shoulders as your heavy thrusts rocked his entire frame. His arms wrapped tightly around your back, the raw muscle fibers of his forearms binding slightly against your uniform, anchoring you to him. "It feels... so incredibly strange. Like a warm weight shifting right through my stomach. Every time you push inside... it feels really good~"

You didn't stop, the sheer pleasure of the friction driving you wild. You pulled back until you almost slipped out of the weeping, bleeding slit, only for the inner tendrils of the wound to frantically reach out, wrapping around your head to pull you back in before you slammed home again. The heat inside him was intensifying.

"You're... you're enjoying this," you gasped, your thumb pressing into the raw meat of his hip to steady yourself as you picked up the pace, your balls knocking hard against his lower stomach with every wet, heavy stroke.

"Of course I am!" Hong Lu chirped, his voice vibrating with a delicious, breathless tremor as he leaned his head down, his soft lips brushing against your ear while the razor-sharp teeth beneath his chin grazed your shoulder. "It’s much more exciting than reading those dreary letters from my family. Ah—! Wait, right there... could you push it a bit deeper inside... oh goodness~"

His hips gave a sudden, involuntary jerk, the wet interior of his abdomen convulsing violently around your cock, milking you with a sudden, desperate tightness that nearly brought you to the edge right then and there. You threw your head back, a loud, unhinged shout tearing from your lungs as you kept fucking his open wound, completely lost to the wet, rhythmic bliss.

The wet, frantic slapping of your thighs against the raw, pulsing edge of his split abdomen echoes through the metallic carriage like a rhythmic death knell for your sanity. You're past the point of caring about anything else, the thousands of subjective years trapping you in this neon-blue limbo, or the fact that you are burying your dick inside a living, weeping wound. Every inch of your exposed skin is burning,

slicked with a mixture of your own sweat and the thick, viscera weeping from Hong Lu's belly.

The heat inside him has reached a fever pitch. Deep within his split-open sternum, the central parts of his body are twining wildy. The inner walls of his abdomen are violently convulsing now, the flesh lining wrapping around your shaft like a vice, dragging you deeper into his meat with a terrifying, magnetic suction.

"Ah... hah... look at you," Hong Lu pants. His arms are locked around your lower back, the wet, undulating cables of meat crushing your armor into his torso. He tilts his head, those huge ivory incisors around his neck clicking together in a frantic, ecstatic rhythm as he tracks your blown-out pupils. "You're pushing so deep... it feels like you're trying to touch the very bottom of me."

"Hong Lu... I'm—I'm gonna—"

The words choke in your throat as a massive, white-hot wave of pleasure ripples from the base of your spine straight to the head of your cock. The internal tendrils lining his wound suddenly contract in unison, milking your length with an unbelievable, crushing friction that shatters the last of your restraint.

With a raw, animalistic groan, you drive yourself all the way in, burying yourself against his stomach.

Your hips lock as you erupt inside him. Thick ropes of cum shoot straight into the depths of his open abdomen. The sensation of your hot seed splashing against his raw internal nerves triggers a violent, cataclysmic reaction. Hong Lu's entire body goes completely rigid, his back arching off the train seat with a wet, sickening crunch of shifting bone.

"Oh—! Oh... hah... ah!"

A sharp, breathless wail tears from his throat, his eyes rolling back until only the whites and the cyan of his left pupil are visible. Inside his split belly, the flesh goes into a wild, frantic spasm, the walls clamping down so tightly around your pulsing shaft that it feels like it's melting directly into his anatomy. A sudden, intense burst of heat radiates from his core, and the wet, velvet walls of his upper chest cave inward, contracting as if his very soul is being squeezed into the wound to meet your climax. He shivers violently, his spilling around your face as the two of you collapse into each other, completely spent, deadlocked in a wet, heavy embrace.

For several minutes, the only sound in the carriage is the ragged, synchronized hitching of your breath. Your dick remains buried inside him, slowly softening as his abdominal slit rhythmically pulses, swallowing the excess heat and fluid with a soft, satisfied squelch.

Slowly, Hong Lu’s eyes flutter open, his gaze clearing as he looks down at your sweat-soaked face. That familiar, ditzily cheerful smile returns to his lips, completely untouched by the visceral horror of the last ten minutes. He reaches up with a heavy finger, playfully tracing the line of your jaw, leaving a thin, glistening streak of blood on your skin.

"My, that was absolutely spectacular," he giggles softly, his voice returning to its lighthearted, airy cadence. "I never knew the passengers could feel quite so... lively on the inside. You really do have the most marvelous ideas for passing the time."

You let out a weak, exhausted chuckle, resting your forehead against his unarmored shoulder, the raw muscle fibers shifting smoothly under your skin. "We still have a few thousand years before the next terminal."

"Mmm, exactly~" he chirps, his open chest cavity flexing as his arms tighten around you, pulling your intertwined bodies just a little closer against the cold plastic seats. "Which means we don't have to rush at all. We can try it again just as soon as you've caught your breath."

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